

The St. Joseph's Collegian

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MAIN BUILDING



CHAPEL

Contents

Requiem of the Flowers -----	67
Dreiser, the Dreamer -----	68
A Boy's Hard Lot -----	72
Zeus of Old -----	78
Mental Suggestion -----	80
Freedom -----	87
Observing While Rambling -----	88
Welcoming the Bay of a Hound -----	94
Acrostic -----	97
Editorials -----	99
Exchanges -----	103
Books -----	105
My Friends -----	111
Alumni Notes -----	112
Locals -----	114
Honor Roll -----	119
Clubs -----	120
Music -----	123
Athletics -----	124
Gloom Chasers -----	128

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REQUIEM OF THE FLOWERS

Now Ceres plays a note in mournful tone
That sounds the flowers' sad farewell;
With tears, she bids all nature come to hear
The dying flowers' parting moan.
Fair Maia answers moan with groan,
And begs the earth to be a friend
And in her breast make room for flowers' bier,
Where o'er their grave the falling leaves are blown.

A group of fairies come to sing
The flowers' obsequies above that grave,
And each with help of friends transports a stone
To mark the place where dead and laid alone,
The lovely flowers rest within their cave,
To rise again at call of spring.

Herman J. Schnurr '32

DREISER, THE DREAMER

Theodore Dreiser may outlive his age, for he, by some decree of chance, is commonly regarded as the initiator of the naturalistic novel in America. Immortality on this score, however, is not precisely of the kind that a more principled man might desire. To be called the father of a movement that pours forth such a deluge of confessional, realistic, purposeless writing, such as floods our book-marts today, is pleasing only to a peculiarly fashioned character such as Dreiser in his own autobiography shows himself to possess. Seemingly a daring expose of the vagaries of a life, a confession rivaling the frankness of Cellini, has become the ambition of the author of "An American Tragedy."

Already Dreiser has given us two volumes of autobiography: "A Book About Myself," dealing mainly with his journalistic career; and "Dawn," a chronicle of his early youth. In the maze of verbiage, crude and unpolished, that constitutes these works there is a sort of grandeur akin to the tragic grandeur of Lear. Dreiser and King Lear! powerful characters, but hopelessly unable to comprehend life. Cumbrous, floundering mortals! Lear seeking to regain the distinction he has lost; Dreiser striving to attain the esteem that has been his life's dream.

One naturally wonders whether Dreiser amasses his volumes of crudities and irrelevancies in an honest search for truth, or whether some more selfish motive arouses his lumbering faculties. We might construct a theory something in the manner of a scientist, a sort of formula from which the boy, Theodore, might be expanded and integrated into a novelist. Such a procedure may well adhere closely to facts and yet prove interesting. The facts

may be drawn from Dreiser's autobiographies, and the conclusions can be substantiated by the inevitable reflections of the author in his novels, or let us say novel, and thus confine ourselves to "An American Tragedy."

Dreiser was born with a zest for life. He dreamed and longed for the things that he could not possess, and because his energy was consumed in dreaming, he lacked the force, if not the will, to make the best of things at hand. The poverty of his home life, his dearth of contact with the world as he saw it in his dreams, drove him to rebellion. We may safely assume that Dreiser's parents comprehended neither life as such, nor their son any better than did he himself. Dreiser very probably sensed this, and came to regard them as narrow, and to consider the training they had afforded him as prudish. The dream persisted; oh! to break away from all this, to have something, to be something! Very probably literature as a path to fame did not yet occur to him.

He finally found a job; but still the dream tormented him. He wanted so badly to be someone and this puttering around a hardware store would lead, oh! so slowly, if it led at all, to better things. He looked back on the past with fear and into the future with hope, but the moment existed not for him. He was discharged.

Finding himself in a predicament, Dreiser became desperate. He would be somebody, and soon! He had read Eugene Field's column "Sharps and Flats," and the idea occurred to him that he might write something, perhaps in that vein. He saw himself famous in a day. He flowed into the form of a "newspaper reporter" and to this form he adapted himself for a while.

We can imagine the fancy of Dreiser fastening

itself upon this stroke of fortune. It conjured up scenes of splendor and distinction with Dreiser as the nucleus, as the focal point of many an admiring pair of eyes—mostly feminine. For in some vague way were not reporters and Shakespeare and Dante all of the same distinguished brotherhood; and still more vaguely, were not “literati” and kings and millionaires the apotheosis of greatness? Dreiser was fascinated by art! It was his medium. He would write a comic opera, an appealing, passionate novel, an intimate, detailed life of himself; he, Theodore! Bohemia for him.

Dreiser's dream of life corresponded exactly to his conception of an artist's life. Virtues became inhibitions, and inhibitions were things to be discarded. A man who would portray life had to know it, and Dreiser was ready to learn. He wanted sorely to discard the shreds of religion that still remained from his early training; he wanted to become broadminded and tolerant. He read Spencer, Huxley, Tyn-dall, and the poor man, so little removed from the clay, lost all belief in God. He had adapted himself to Bohemia; now to produce!

Let us assume that Dreiser was aware of his limitations as a writer, of his ignorance of rhetoric and style. Add to this a lack of real material due to his inability to understand life, and the reason for Dreiser's resorting to Balzac becomes evident. Dreiser considered himself broadminded; Balzac was considered broadminded, so they should have something in common, so reasoned the aspiring novelist. It is in Dreiser's perusal of Balzac that the real key to his naturalism lies. He read the “Comedie Humaine” and felt the lure of Balzac's achievement. Dreiser turned to naturalism.

And briefly now, let us seek whatever corro-

boration for this theory "An American Tragedy" can offer. We should expect an author whose ruling passion was fame to stoop to whatever he considered of greatest appeal to his readers. At the same time, a man so devoid of principle, as a Dreiser hypnotized by Bohemia, would regard the animal appetites of the majority as his most vulnerable mark. As a result "An American Tragedy" is a piece of sordid naturalism. Again, we should expect the sentimental author whose attention in actual life is either on the past or future to be incapable of depicting dramatic, intense climaxes. We find this to be the truth in Dreiser's case. He cannot portray the present moment. He approaches a climax, but cannot sympathize with a character in a climactic situation.

Dreiser's orientation to life in general is no less evident in his great opus. His view throughout is that of a spectator, an interested spectator carefully observant of the outward manifestations of a force incomprehensible to him. He does not draw a character directly, but gives only a detailed account of a character's behavior; and the vagaries of conduct are usually such as to be irreconcilable to any conception of the forces behind that character that we might form. And should this pure naturalism constitute good literature, we must yet censure Dreiser for dealing inexpertly with the sort of life in which he is an acknowledged master.

Dreiser has achieved at least a measure of the fame that has been his life-long dream. Yet, he has worked for it, aye! literally fought for it. Angered by a charge of plagiarism he has slapped the face of a Nobel Prize winner. It is easy enough to conceive of Dreiser, in his hunger for fame, stooping to plagiarism. I fear, however, that I should lack the courage to accuse him openly, for, be he ever so

befuddled in intellect, there is a certain quality about his clumsiness that commands pity. The real tragedy of "An American Tragedy" is that of the author himself.

Robert Nieset '32

A BOY'S HARD LOT

Parents certainly do not intend to be queer; because of their superior position in human society, they feel sure that they are not queer, but we youths as boys, who plan to grow up to be real he-men, more often than not find them badly out of sorts with our way of thinking. Of course, thinking is such a peculiar process. It may be that grown-ups do their thinking with different machinery than that which a mere, poor, lonely boy has at his disposal. Just for this reason it may be that we boys cannot get around thinking that our parents are at times real queer. At least so it seems. When things run along in the usual rut, the odds are never against a boy; but if the unusual happens, then it is the boy who is always up against it. Should, for instance, a thunder shower empty itself in tubs and buckets full just at the close of church services on a Sunday, then it is that a boy is a most welcomed sight to his parents, and very quickly he will hear the words:

"Oh, there is Johnny! He can run through the rain and fetch the umbrellas. What's the use in getting all wet; but rain is good for boys, it will make them grow."

When, however, Johnny wants to go fishing on some rainy day—well, that is altogether a different matter. From all sides he hears objections, even threats and what not. To his most desperate appeals he hears but one answer:

"No, no, stay at home! if you go you will catch your death of cold. But if you must get out of doors, then you can clean up the yard or work in the garden. That is much better for you than going fishing."

Now as a boy, I want to know exactly this: why is it not just as dangerous for me and for other boys to get soaking wet when running after umbrellas and when working in gardens, as it is when going out to fish on rainy days? But fishing is not in the general run of things; there's the rub. It is a pleasure for a boy, and it may have altogether different consequences for a boy if he gets wet at pleasure, than if he gets wet at work. So it would seem at least that parents and grown-ups in general think, but as for me, I have always found this way of thinking queer—queer as any puzzle. It may all be that boys are of little consequence as long as they are boys, and if that should be the case, well, what right have they got anyway; be it pleasure or work, it ought to be indifferent to them. This conclusion was brought home to me very forcefully one day when by sheer accident I opened my school-book—a reader it was—and hit on a page that dealt with the teachings of an old philosopher. His name was Zeno. To him, so the school reader said, pleasure and pain were alike indifferent. But that old fogey probably never saw a fish, or if he did, he likely never found out how the fish was caught. Anyhow had he discovered how a fish is caught, he would have changed his ideas about pleasure and pain. Certainly it would have been good for people if this old philosopher had changed his ideas, for to me it seems that all those who become parents have read nothing else in their younger days than the writings of this Zeno. Since he was a pretty dull old fellow,

who could give parents nothing but queer ideas, I wish for my own sake, as well as for the sake of other boys, that this crusty old poppygill would have never lived.

What I think is, that boys are entitled to their share of room in this world, but other 'oldsters' outside of parents, help along in the game to keep them from getting it. Suppose that Johnny comes at a very early hour to get a suitable place from which to view the parade on Armistice Day. Just when things are becoming interesting, along strides a tall, bewhiskered old gentleman, who makes nothing out of crowding him to one side and of interposing himself, legs, rump, and whiskers, right in the line of vision without any regard for the youngster whom he ruthlessly side-stepped. That's justice, I suppose—a boy having a good place and having it taken away from him by some dwadling, tardy spectator.

But the worst of all that can aid in making a boy's life miserable is the treatment accorded him in the immediate neighborhood of his home. If it should be his good luck to come into possession of a fine new whistle, one that will deliver a merry blast, and should he just ache to use it to advantage in the "Rinkeydinks" band, all the neighborhood rises in revolt against his innocent amusement. Thus it turned out in my case on one Fourth of July. Money that I made by running errands, I invested in a whistle that could send a blood-curdling shrill to the distance of half a mile. What boy so happily situated could have resisted inviting his boon companions to an alley-band performance? I plainly could not. I instructed my half dozen pals to provide themselves with whatever might serve as horns, drums, fiddles, cymbals and to assemble at a definite

time and place. All heeded the invitation promptly. We tore into our production with so much whistle, blare, and blast that good old George Washington had he been alive, would have hurried to fight the War of Independence all over again. It took just fifteen minutes to bring our first grand serenade to a vigorous, crashing finale. And that was the finale.

During those short, but glorious fifteen minutes, three neighboring women had already visited my mother, who now invited me into the house with sharp, stern words, pushed me into the bathroom where I received applause on the seat of my pants for the grand performance. Even my father joined in the applause by shaking a big finger at me. Before a few minutes passed, a large band with colors flying paraded up the street right before my home. The men were blowing for all they were worth, and the drummer was literally mauling the big drum into tatters.

There everything was going 'round;
The band was playing lickity-split,
The big drum, just a-going it
With horses pawing up the ground,
And elephants cavorting 'round.

They were making more noise than my band made, while not playing a bit better, yet nobody ventured to give these men applause in any other way than by clapping hands; even my father did not dare shake a finger at any one of them. I wonder if Independence day signifies a right for grown-ups alone to make noise? If George Washington were still alive, I would surely go far to talk to him about this matter.

After all my fun was spoiled on that Fourth of July, just as it is spoiled for all regular boys; my

mother made me stay indoors, go to my room, slip into my Sunday best and then sit listening to the gabbling of several of her old cronies whom she had invited for dinner. Of course I was a mere boy, and as such I had to do all in my power to make a good impression on the visitors in spite of the unwelcomed applause I had just received in the bathroom, and all the sour faces she and my grown-up sister were making at me. Not to forget, I had been earnestly instructed, besides all else that I got, to put on Sunday manners, such as were suitable to my Sunday best, and avoid all clever remarks. All that was left to me on that fair day was to sit still and take in the meaningless remarks made by the 'oldster' ladies when referring to me while saying,

"Isn't he just too cute! Hasn't he wonderful manners!"

When at length dinner was over and I had behaved to the satisfaction of all present, I was given a chance to take a bit of fresh air. Presently I forgot all about my Sunday manners and my Sunday best. I began to climb trees and to go through all the boyish stunts that I knew. How quickly that afternoon passed away, and how happy I was to be out among the trees! All too soon I heard my mother calling me to come to the house and bid goodbye to the visitors. It was then that I first took notice of myself. My hands and face were dirty; my waist, soiled; my pantaloons, torn; and my hair, badly disheveled. What a catastrophe! But I had to go through with the ceremony. Perhaps my appearance stood me in good stead for I escaped the foolishness of being kissed good-bye, except at the hands of one elderly 'oldster' whose face with many wrinkles showed that she was much used to kissing. But whatever good my slovenly appearance did me in one respect on that par-

ticular evening, in another respect results were all bad—real bad at that. I sat quietly in the house under the menacing eyes of my parents and those of my older sister. All I could see was sour faces, and all I could hear was reproaches for being a rascally fellow. I wished heartily that the old women were present again so I could count their wrinkles and listen to their gabbling.

Other occasions that added to the misery of my boyhood days, and likely it is the same for all other boys, were the ones when my parents took me along on their annual vacations. I recall one such time in particular. I accompanied my parents to the farm home of a French uncle of mine where we decided to stay for several days. Everything about the house and farm buildings belonging to this uncle was decidedly Frenchy. Oh, how tiresome it seemed! On one Sunday afternoon, I could no longer stomach the prim inactivity that was boring me to death. The farm animals, too, seemed bored; they were really aching, so it seemed, to have some fun. Quickly I came to their rescue. By opening doors, gates, and the like, I set them altogether on a rampage of liberty. Cows, horses, hogs, geese, turkeys came along to show one another a good time. They showed it. Kicking, squealing, braying, bellowing, neighing, cackling, and gobbling such as came from that company had every "Rinkeydinks" band left in the shade in the matter of making noise. I enjoyed the riot immensely, but to my sorrow, it was short-lived. The commotion in the barnyard had spread to the household. My uncle and my father rushed from the house and tore into the company of the playful animals like wild men. They gave each of the animals the same sour look that I get when I am having fun—oh, those terrible grown-ups! After

some difficulty, order was again restored, and every beast and bird was again in his proper place. Every one of them looked sad. Bringing me to speedy justice for this bit of fun put a crashing finale to the whole affair. Oh, what a life for boys in this world!

When I am grown up, I shall issue "A Fiery Blast against the Iniquity of Spoiling Fun for Boys." My slogan shall ever be, "Boys' Rights." But then, there is the rub again, will I do this when I am a grown-up?

Ignatius Vichuras '32.

ZEUS OF OLD

I am the king who rules the skies;
In every clime, I am supreme,
Each deed is e'er before my eyes,
I know each thought and plotting scheme.
I hurl the thunder 'cross the deep,
I cause the earth to rock and leap;
For nature knows and will obey
When I design to have my way.
If man in pride forgets, 'tis then
I must make known my awful sway;
For I am king of gods and men.

I am the Lord of wind and rain,
I pour the waters down to earth;
'Tis I, who sprout the new-sown grain
And paint the rainbow for man's mirth
To make him quite forget the storm;
To make him sing, and then perform
The rites that I alone ordain;
The rites that man must e'er retain
if he will have my aid in ken:
Let not my scepter be disdained;
For I am king of gods and men.

I am the king of wealth untold:
My throne is adamantine stone;
My crown is made of finest gold;
I wear the purple robe alone.
The flame of rubies lights my halls,
And diamonds deck my palace walls;
Fair golden plates and goblets fine
I use when with the gods I dine.
My board is served by giants ten,
Who fill my cup with choicest wine;
For I am king of gods and men.

I am the righteous judge of all,
My laws by each must be obeyed:
The strong, the weak, the great, the small,
Not one, my sentence may evade.
O'er high Olympus, I prevail,
And there the gods with mirth regale.
At Lethe's stream, I see my will
Done by men's souls, now icy still.
Oh where on earth are those foemen,
Whom I may not cast down and kill,
For I am king of gods and men!

I am the Lord of life and death,
I hold the keys to Hades' door,
From me proceeds that living breath
Which gods themselves from me implore.
Proud willful man must me adore,
If safe he'd cross the Stygian shore,
Though he may hold my laws severe,
Let him not mock with flouting leer
And laugh to scorn my stern omen;
Lest woe betide his haughty jeer,
For I am king of gods and men.

L'envoi.

Oh feeble man, tempt not my power!
But fear the day, and fear the hour,
When Pluto, Hades' fell warden,
Will drag you to his gloomy tower;
For I am king of gods and men.

Jos. N. Wittkofski '32

MENTAL SUGGESTION

"What are you doing, Pete? Trying to con that thermometer by rote?"

"Well, whose business is it what I plan to do?" was the snappy answer returned by Pedro de Havana, alias "Pete" for short. But when he noticed that it was Lew Kent, who had asked the question, Pete added quite apologetically, "Gorsh, Lew, I really believe it's too cold to play football, don't you?"

"Where do you get that noise about the weather being too cold?" Lew piped back, "this is the beginning of real football weather."

"The weather may be suitable for the fish-blooded, but not for those who were accustomed to swelter in the shade of coconut palms," replied Pete by way of making reference to his southern domicile.

As his name indicated, Pedro de Havana had made his way to the states from the West Indies. Good-natured, jolly fellow that he was, athletic sports, and football in particular, had come to be a real craze with him. Listening to radios or joining in club activities meant a sheer waste of time to him. There was not enough spice in such lifeless amusement to prick his warm blood. Punting sixty yards barefooted and ninety when wearing shoes was more to his liking, and stunts of this sort he could pull off with the

ease of a squirrel's leap. Few there were at Shadeve school who were more nimble of foot than was Pete. Even Lew Kent, who was known to be a speedy racer, felt that he had met a rival for honors in running, but this fact only made Pete the more worthy of esteem in the opinion of Lew.

The few weeks intervening between the opening of school and the football season had given enough time to Lew and Pete for becoming thoroughly acquainted. Lew found to his amazement that Pete entertained a devastating fear. He had heard much about the "death of cold" that people contract in northern climates; about painful rheumatism; about frozen fingers and frozen feet, and about many other troublesome ailments that result from exposure to icy winds and snow flurries. With this delusion pestering his mind, Pete could never develop the courage required to see the football season through victoriously for good old Shadeve school. Surely there was danger that he would refuse to play as soon as the temperature dropped to zero no matter how important a game might be scheduled. His persistent watching the thermometer was a sufficient indication how badly this phobia about cold weather tormented him. But he must not be lost to the game. He was known to be a splendid left-half, at least so his record coming from his home country proved, and his knowledge of the game besides his personal equipment in strength and speed made him appear as a most desired team-mate. But what was to be done? This question puzzled Lew, and he determined to talk the matter over with Bert Chimo, the captain of the local team.

As Bert Chimo observed Lew coming, he turned to him saying, "You know, Lew, that if this weather continues, we'll play in the snow Saturday. I have observed the thermometer sinking; I should not won-

der if the temperature were down to forty-two right now!"

"Have you also come to be a thermometer gazer?" returned Lew. "Since when have you come under the spell of Pedro de Havana? Keep your skull, captain; if this fellow hears your remarks about cold weather the team will be minus a good half-back. Bear in mind that Pete hails from the West Indies where the mercury never drops below sixty. He fears cold weather as much as death. No, it will never do to talk about cold weather when he is around. Mark that!"

"Really, Lew, this is surprising news to me," the captain replied. "But coming to think of it, I must say that I did see Pete gazing at a thermometer rather intently several times. I made nothing of it, however. Your tale, though, is very interesting. It would be a great pity to lose him as a team-mate, and particularly so for nothing more than a foolish idea such as he entertains. Let me see. Since his idea is nothing more than a mere obsession, I—yes, we all—shall try a little mental suggestion on him."

"Hold! What variety of trick is that," inquired Lew, "is it one of those secrets of which you appear to have a great store for encouraging fellows before sending them into the heat of the game? Or what could it be? Mental suggestion, well, I—"

"Don't laugh, Lew," returned the captain. "If this trick is new to you, allow me to give you the 'dope' by way of a little explaining. Have you never read of some startling case of imaginary illness? Of some case in which imagination caused either pleasure or pain without any objective reason for these sensations? Well, I want to assure you that I have it on good authority that instances are on record telling of criminals, who expired under the belief that they had

been bled to death, although in fact a pin-puncture and a little water dropping in a basin were the only cause of the terrifying sensations that ended their lives. Fear is always an invitation to disaster. Does not a person standing on a precipice experience a curious impulse to leap down? Have you never heard that fear inspired by a snake causes a bird or a toad to hop into its mouth? My arguments may not be very convincing, but I know that by a logical process only is the mind freed from the obsession of fears and phobias. Remember the power of chance remarks."

"Gorsh, captain, your talk sounds smart. Tell me how to put this mental suggestion of which you speak into practice on Pete. Believe me, I'll be your right hand man at this game," Lew offered with enthusiasm.

"Well, then, proceed as follows," replied the captain, "not only you and I, but members of the team who may be relied upon not to intimate anything of the trick to Pete, must complain loudly about the heat of the weather. This must be done within the hearing of Pete, in season and out of season, always, persistently. Talk about unbearable heat in his presence, particularly at rehearsals before a game and at practices of any kind. Show that you are afraid of becoming sunstruck. Talk of the annoyance of sweating, of the necessity of cold showerbaths, of the relieving pleasure of snow flurries. Let it be known that a thermometer registering forty in this climate shows nothing worse for cold than does one registering eighty in the West Indies."

Lew's face beamed with admiration at what the captain had to say about the way of carrying out mental suggestion. When the captain had finished explaining, Lew exclaimed enthusiastically:

"Atta boy, captain! If talking can make Pete

feel warm, I and the rest of the team shall talk so much heat into him that he will call for ice water in temperatures low enough to freeze a brass monkey."

The next day at the hour of practice, Pete, though all bundled up in a heavy sweater, shivered from cold. At the sight of him, Bert Chimo, the captain fired his first gun with the words:

"It is too warm, really too warm, altogether too hot, fellows, for a tough workout today. Take it easy. After a few maneuvers, we'll look for the shade."

These words of the captain started the fireworks. After just a few minutes, every player who was wise to the trick threw off his jersey. Some called impatiently for cold water, and when it was brought, grumbled because it was not ice water. Others talked about swimming, and wished that the practice hour was over to give them a chance to take their plunge. Their attitude towards the weather at least had this effect on Pete that he quit shivering.

By the first of November, every loyal football fan at Shadeve school, who was apprised of the mental-suggestion stunt, was busy using iced drinks, sodas, sundaes, and the like in such quantity as to suggest the Fourth of July. Palm-beach suits, plus fours, and straw hats came back in style over night. In spite of freezing temperature, many complained that their summer apparel was inconveniently warm. Whenever possible someone would treat Pete to a cold drink or a sundae. At the table persistent complaints about the heat were heard; hot soup was refused; ice cream, pie a la mode, bottles of Coca-Cola were ordered. Electric fans were set going.

At length the second week of November was at hand, the week of the big game for the Shadeve War-

riors with the Lindenwood Boilermakers. By good fortune, the days remained sunny so that talk about the danger of getting sunstruck did not appear altogether out of place. Pete attended practice every day. Already he had become ashamed to talk of cold weather, though he still shivered when out on the field and ran for a warm shower after every rehearsal. He had to have his "thaw-out" as he called it.

The day itself, the eleventh of November, on which the big game was to take place, came along with a sheer drop to thirty-two degrees on the thermometer. The wind howling through the stadium gave that suggestion of bleak coldness which makes even people of northern climates think of cozy rooms and warm clothing. Would Pete play? Lew and captain, Bert Chimo, wondered. No one said a word to him, but at the time set for the game, Pete to the surprise of all, was one of the first to show up in the stadium and that, too, without his heavy sweater. His presence caused the Shadeve students to send up a volley of cheers—cheers that were to greet Pete repeatedly in the course of the game. The courage of the Shadeve team ran beyond all bounds, now that Pete, together with Lew, was in his place. With these two sturdy players as half-backs, victory was assured. Both, in the run of the game, warranted the confidence placed in them. They played like they had never played before. A forty-yard run, a touch-down, a swift, sure punt seemed as easy to them, in spite of the toughest opposition and roughest work of the Lindenwood Boilermakers, as scattering feathers in the wind. Their spirited playing stirred their fellows on the team to show the best that was in them. To smash the Boilermakers' line, or to tear holes in it big enough for an army truck to drive through was the sheerest fun for the Shadeve Warriors. Little

wonder that its team working at the highest pitch of enthusiasm, should bring to Shadeve a score of 27 to Lindenwood's 0.

That night happy Shadeve school spread a banquet for its football team. All places at the table were taken excepting those belonging to Pete and Lew. An expression of chagrin soon hovered over the faces of those who were present when it became generally known that the two real stars of the game were absent. Very soon though, Lew appeared and hurried to his place in order to avoid being given a big hand for the hard work he had done that afternoon. But the big hand could not be kept down. He had no more than reached his place when all rose and joined in a mighty cheer. But where could Pete be? This was the question that next engaged everybody's mind. Some ventured the explanation that likely Pete had caught a severe cold since he had laid aside his usual heavy sweater that afternoon. Evidently he had become ashamed of himself for constantly complaining about cold weather, and that especially so, since for days all had been acting and talking as if they were sweltering in heat. Above all others, those who were wise to the trick of mental suggestion felt rather taken aback for they feared that the result of their doings was a mere nuisance.

When the cheering caused by Lew's appearance, and the whispering concerning the whereabouts of Pete had subsided, the toastmaster rose, turned to Lew saying,

“Lew, perhaps you can give us some information as to the surprising absence of our friend, Pete?”

“And I'll do it with pleasure,” answered Lew rising to his feet. “Pete is in the infirmary. As captain Bert Chimo and others very well know, that stunt of mental——”

He was interrupted by fifty voices shouting, "What's wrong with him? What's wrong with him? Is he hurt?"

"No, he is not hurt," announced Lew. "What I want to say," he continued, "is that our trick of mental suggestion has overshot the mark. The doctor says that Pete's case is the queerest that he has ever met with in all the years of his practice. Here is the eleventh of November; cold enough for a snow storm; and Pete is lying in a bed in the infirmary with all the symptoms of sunstroke and prickly heat."

Vincent Mallifski '32

FREEDOM

The puny mind that revels in conceit,
And would be master in all fields of thought;
Declares its powers ne'er shall know defeat,
Yet vows that freedom of man's will is naught.
Such fools there are, and fools are bound to be
Who feign would banish freedom from their days;
Yet make their reasons serve their selfish "Me"
While others they would bar from freedom's ways.

'Tis reason makes us free to act at will,
And raises man above the lowly brutes
That God's own worthy plans he may fulfill
And seek that grace which ignorance uproots:
But banish freedom from the human mind,
Then man to brutish life alone you bind.

Leonard Storch '32

Friends are as companions on a journey, who ought to aid each other to persevere in the road to a happier life.—Pythagoras.

OBSERVING WHILE RAMBLING

In the course of those long, draggy, summer days, when Phaethon seems more anxious than at any other time of the year to get an early start with the chariot of the sun, only to be sure to lose his direction and burn new milky ways in the heavens, it is the habit of people to saunter about in quest of shades, springs, dunes, brooks, or similar spots of beauty and inviting repose in order to beguile the time with recreation and amusement. Of course, it so happens that at these places of diversion, persons of vastly different character and temperament will assemble in order to enjoy each others' company by an interchange of ideas in argument, or by detailing personal experiences. All this is good enough for the rank and file of people who frequent places of this kind, commonly known as resorts, but there is another class of persons, who, while seeking company and recreation, know how to use their minds, and, for this reason, keep their eyes open to the effect that they will see things that transcend the vision of those who gather in crowds for no other motive than such as grows out of the instinct that "man is a gregarious animal."

Now, to be sure, one of the individuals of whom it may be supposed that he will see things, even at a resort, that are repeatedly overlooked by the ordinary man, is the philosopher. Any crowd of people and particularly a hilarious crowd, will supply him with food for thoughts. Is there not really motion in a crowd? Is the crowd all motion, or does it represent matter also? Likely, the crowd is only motion. Heat is motion, and that is what brought the crowd here. Hence, the crowd is nothing more than the end of a heat wave, and that is pure mo-

tion for sure. After such and similar observations, the philosopher saunters about the resort, all the while endeavoring bravely to discover into how many varieties of motion a substantial beefsteak may be resolved.

Who will dare say that this fellow is not exercising his mind, and that his powers of observation were not responsible for seeing the material on which his mind ruminates? But he is not as yet at the end of his rope. All of a sudden it dawns upon his mind that motion does not exist at all; now, how could the crowd have come to this resort anyway? This is a most absorbing puzzle. Is walking after all a motion? Does he move personally, while making his way back to his hotel? No, no, there can be no motion. Unexpectedly he flattens his nose against a half-open door in the dark as he tries to enter his room. Ouch, ouch! No, there can be no pain; there was no motion. He flings himself into a chair, thinking that absolute rest is equivalent to non-existence, and that will surely end his trouble. But he finds that it does not relieve the pain in his nose. What is he to do? Well, wait quietly until morning and then see if this 'bloomin' resort doesn't quit moving.

A friend of resorts, and that still more so than the philosopher, is the artist. Of course, a color-and-brush artist is here implied. In leisurely crowds, an artist of this stamp always sees possibilities that no other situation can offer. For one thing, he is not confined to the somber, heavy, and gloomy light of his studio. Here he has sunlight and the clear coolness of aerial shadows. What with chances to meet *Mona Lisas* in great number, and such as are perfectly alive at that, he does not hesitate to consider *Fra Angelico* an idiot for painting only imaginary

beings. Besides, he has here in great plenty flowers, birds, lights, and shadows all bathed in calm, caressing breezes. Nothing in the world could be more inviting to display artistic talent to the very best advantage. Amid such surroundings, what will not a resort-loving artist undertake?

As days pass on—and they fly altogether too quickly—the artist sees that his peregrinations are not without benefit. Piles of sketches accumulate. When he returns to the familiar scenery within and without his studio, he has at hand tokens of pleasant days—days that are fruitful of new inspirations and perhaps even of ideas that will aid in establishing enduring fame. What if most of his newly acquired sketches will have to go to the waste basket? What if many of his nymphs in repose look like embalmed crocodiles? He has at least exercised his powers of observation to the effect that he has seen things which the idle-minded have overlooked; things that have made the days of his ramblings interesting, and though his productions may be nothing more than mistakes in the eye of art, yet he has given himself a chance to profit by his mistakes. A man who has never made a mistake has no solid experiences to his credit; for it is by mistakes that everybody learns, and, in fact, more so than by abundant and unfailing successes.

That the great musician Beethoven casually got an inspiration in a beergarden which resulted in a masterpiece may be the reason that musicians in times afterwards have come to look upon resorts as a kind of school where their personal ability may be improved, as it were, by an accidental feat of magic. The song of birds in tree and bush; the lapping of waves on the shores of a lake; the tinkling of brooks over stones and between reeds; the gay

laughter of a crowd of people making merry; what musician is there in all the world who would not consider a place of this kind a real sanctuary for most agreeable inspiration? Not at all surprising, is it, then, to find a musician seeking relief for his jaded nerves at a place where other people usually come for the same purpose. But whether nerves be jaded or not, the shrewd eye of an artist is not easily blurred.

Quite automatically will a musician whose ears are really sensitive to sound find his emotions stirred by the high and low pitch of voices; by the loud laughter and the subdued gigle, and by the general hum of amusement noticeable about a resort. He may not have his feelings aroused sufficiently to devise the air proper for a sword song; for an "Io Paen," or for the burthen of "Yuch-hey-saa-saa," but more mild and agreeable themes will surely present themselves, if only he will know how to observe sufficiently to allow the atmosphere of his surroundings to exert its influence upon him. If he will be awake to just an ordinary degree, he will not leave his favorite resort without having his mind filled with a jumble of sounds that may at first seem to be little better than noises, but which system can endow with melody. What if by his efforts he has succeeded in changing "Yankee Doodle" to a livelier rhythm, and that only, who will presume to say that his new inspirations and his renewed efforts were altogether futile?

Since there is question concerning what artists may and should observe while vacationizing or resortizing, the idea will readily suggest itself as to what architects and literary men should do under similar circumstances. It may well be said that for the architect, a resort can be little more than a

place of rest, unless it be that the different shapes of heads owned by various people will bring to his mind concepts for constructing new kinds of domes that may serve as ornaments for buildings similar to the onion-shaped towers that decorate Russian cathedrals. As to the man of letters, it is highly doubtful whether a resort has anything to offer him that will add to his fame. Did not the famous Robert Louis Stevenson go to a picnic resort in order to drum up inspiration for an article that was to appear in a paper for which he was reporting, only to find that his production was sent to the waste basket as uninteresting and unfit for publication? Let the man of letters, therefore, beware of resorts when there is question of gathering material for his purposes, as failure is likely to be the only result in his case.

Now, as everybody will admit, it is a most difficult matter to bring a piece of writing of this kind to a proper conclusion. But there is a way out of the difficulty, either by lesson, or by moral, or by solution of a puzzle. For the nonce, let it be a lesson. In frequenting a resort of the open air kind of course, there can be no other motive than to get back as close as possible to nature and experience her nerve-soothing influence. But outside of being nerve-soothing, nature is likewise man's best teacher, and the lessons she has to offer are particularly useful to people of artistic temperament; for it is this class of people who love to learn her laws and to profit by her devises. If they do not derive any profit from her lessons, they will belong to those persons who keep their eyes closed and thus allow the glories of the world to slip by them without leaving traces on their minds. If the architect and the man of letters do not fare as well as other

kinds of artists do while putting up at mere resorts, that is their own hard luck, but nature will have other places in store for them where they can improve their stock in trade by observing while rambling.

Harold Kuhns '33

WELCOMING THE BAY OF A HOUND

In the neighborhood of Eagle River, just where that stream makes a curve as it would seem out of respect for Hangton, Michigan, I became separated from a hunting expedition which I had joined for the purpose of bagging big game. The surrounding territory was as unfamiliar to me as any part of Klondike, and since this was my first trip into the Michigan deer-region, the feeling that came upon me at the thought of being lost was of that frightening kind which makes anybody's nerves tingle.

My fellow hunters and I had agreed on a special signal that was to be given by firing a definite number of shots to indicate distress or the need of help—a kind of S. O. S.—but my mind became so flustered that I forgot all about the use of my gun for this purpose. Instead of giving the signal as I should have done, I sat down and tried to concentrate on the direction that I had taken when leaving camp. Extending into the woods not far from where I was, lay the narrow ravine through which I had passed, but I was unable to recall whether I had left that gulch by the north or the south bank. It is really surprising how one-track the human mind can come to be; a choice between two simple directions may prove as puzzling for the mind of man, at times, as the worst kind of labyrinth. I had often heard

it said, but it did not strike me as true, that people find it difficult to keep two things perfectly straight and side by side in their minds; however, the predicament in which I now found myself convinced me of the truth of that saying. I had but one of two ways to choose to get out of that vast forest, and here I was lost as badly as if there had been a dozen ways, all leading nowhere.

Everything grew strangely hushed about me. A silence settled all around as if nature were preparing for a storm. Birds and beasts seemed to have vanished from the earth. Even the little cottontails that a short while ago seemed to outnumber the trees were no longer in sight. Not a rustle of any kind could be heard among the leaves of the trees. Had my fright made me deaf and almost blind? I had heard that fright could cause such results. A rather nervous and creepy feeling annoyed me, and whether it was this that made my common sense return, or whether it was some other influence, I cannot tell, but I did raise my gun and gave the three signal shots calling for help. Even the shots sounded dull to my ears; their echo was faint, and there was no reply.

I was enough of a red-blooded American to think that it was great sport to be lost, and here my imaginings came true; I was really lost. I thought of Cooper's stories which I had read with the greatest of pleasure, but not a single character in these stories had come to be so completely lost as I was. I tried to quiet my nerves by thinking that it was a great thrill to be alone in an unknown woods. All would end well, I persuaded myself. Night was coming on, and the experience of spending a night in the woods, so I thought, would make a splendid setting for a story. I felt delighted at this idea, as de-

lighted as a boy who is smoking his first cigar. Time, however, removed this delightful feeling, just as it usually does for the boy who finds that the cigar is too strong. Very quickly, the novelty of being lost shed all its enticements for me. Was I really to wander about in this dark woodland in endless circles and that, too, until morning? What about sleep? With nightfall there came also a rainfall. Sleep, yes, how? The fact that I had read Cooper's stories did not make me one of his Indians; if I had been one of his Indians, probably I would have known how to sleep in the rain. But here was one of those dreary, drizzling, drenching rains for which I was unprepared and which are only hailed with glee when one has his feet on the andirons. Perhaps the rain god had been watching for this chance to torture me, and I really did get my full share of what he had in store for me.

Very gradually the darkness grew so thick and real that one might chop pieces out of it. Such a silvan night as this was entirely unwelcomed, even though I wanted to be a red-blooded American. Shelter is what I wanted from the rain, and that in spite of all the red blood that can be found in America. Feeling my way as best I could, I literally stumbled against a giant boulder. There was a cavern beneath it, which seemingly offered some little protection against the rain. Of course I was tired, and the little comfort that I found in that cavern soon invited sleep. But it was a sleep under strange circumstances, and soon strange dreams haunted my mind. I had read some snatches of Charles Brockden Brown's "Wieland." Brown is neglected by present-day readers very generally, but that is just my reason for liking him. Yet just at this time, I did not like it at all that the hideous mystery and

horror that overshadow his pages should harass my sleep. The dream pictures of his "antres vast and desarts idle" terrorized me. The only difference between my situation and that of his heroes is that there was no pseudo-science about my being lost and no pseudo-rain that got me thoroughly wet. Everything was dreadfully real down to the water trickling into my cavern and making a puddle out of it. Only the happy dead could enjoy this kind of night.

I awoke out of my sleep with a start, just as if I had seen one of Brown's ferocious panthers before me. Besides being drenched, I was now covered with mud from the puddle-bed in which I had been sleeping. I had to get out of my poor shelter and stumble about among the vines and brush that were dripping wet with water. Hunger now added to my discomfort, and my imagination set up a little act of persecution by suggesting nicely roasted venison, baked potatoes, and other palatable dishes that make up a hunter's menu. Oh, yes, and then a glass of "Old Colonial" that I was to have that evening; a "Dutch Master" that I was to enjoy, and the latest edition of "Rod and Field" that I was to peruse, all came along in memory to add to my misery.

As yet there was no sign of approaching day. To spend the time, I thought of the plight of soldiers in the World War. The dense undergrowth was like barbed wire entanglement for me. My mind drifted to President Wilson and Woman Suffrage, but there was no solution for my difficulties in matters of that kind. It was more interesting to recall the misery of the men on a German submarine which sank to the bottom of the sea just outside of Boston harbor. But it mattered little what thoughts I entertained; minutes seemed to be hours and hours aeons of time. My mind was so engrossed with

troubles that I had not taken notice of the fact that I could see better, and presently the first glimmering of day rose above the woods. Daybreak, however, did not tell me where I was, but it was a genuine relief after a dismal and wretched night. I pushed onward through tall weeds and brush in the hope of reaching a clearing when, all of a sudden, I stepped into water knee deep. It was the river that led to our encampment. With a feeling of real joy, I sent three shots into the air. When the echo died away, I heard the bark of a dog. A human voice could scarcely have been more welcomed. I recognized the bark; it came from good old Scotty. In a fraction of an hour, he was at my side and faithfully guided me to the cabin door where my fellow hunters, after expressing their surprise at what had befallen me at such a short distance from our encampment and reproving me for not giving more signals, were ready to hear all that I had to tell of my red-blooded American adventure.

Walter Steiger '33

ACROSTIC

T—hank God for all that we enjoy;
H—e gives us bread and even more,
A—nd all that we may ever save,
N—ow takes us to His very door.
K—ind God, we ask Thee, kindly bless
S—ome who no thanks will render Thee,
G—ive them in graces nothing less;
I—mbue them with Thy might to see
V—ice and its kin in woeful plight:
I—nform their hearts with hate of sin;
N—ot only this, but in what's right
G—ive thanks to Thee for what they win.

Stanislaus Manoski '33

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Ahura Mazda, by thy shining flame,
Give to thy servant everlasting fame!

—Zend-Avesta.

If there is any one far-echoed name inscribed in brilliant letters above the portals of the temple of fame, a name that has surrounded itself with glory during the past sixty years, it is the name of Thomas Alva Edison. Crowded to the limit with ideas for material progress were the years of this great American inventor. To him was given an honor that comes to few men of any age, nation, or calling. It was his singular privilege to become a great benefactor to mankind in general, and to be recognized as such the world over.

In the thousands of years of the world's history, there have been but few men favored and gifted by nature as was Edison. His was a genius well adapted to meet the needs of humanity in its material necessities. He was not a framer of physical and chemical laws, but it was his province to bring these laws from the realm of theory right down to every-day practical usefulness. If his genius does not bear the trade-mark of originality, it is nevertheless stamped with the symbol of the independent, shrewd, and far-seeing adapter who used whatever idea was brought to his mind.

The number of inventions that proceeded from his genius for exploiting ideas down to their very marrow, is surprising, and no less marvelous is their

usefulness in the labor, the convenience, and the comfort of people living in any part of the world. For him there was no undertaking too difficult, if only it would benefit humanity by being discovered. To him, among many other inventions, the world is indebted for the incandescent electric light bulb, the moving picture camera, the phonograph, things that in present-day life have come to be almost indispensable necessities.

Although Edison had genius, he had also what is far more to his credit, namely, industry and an unspoiled sense of his obligation to humanity. People called him a wizard; they even looked upon his inventions as miracles. But Edison was no miracle worker. He was not a Jupiter who snatched thunderbolts from the skies in order to make them perform wonders for him. His seeming miracles were the result of sweat, toil, and study either in the laboratory or in the workshop. The secret of his success is plainly industry, persistence, and concentration. His life proves that anyone who would achieve success must hold the key to the door of golden opportunity—the key of unflagging effort.

A benefactor to mankind, such as was Edison, never passes out of time and out of mind. His body became worn out; his genius failed to function; people even carried the mortal part of him to the grave; but the memory of the man lives in the great heart of the world—of that world in which the benevolent fruits of his genius and industry will serve generations yet to come, to whom he will always be more than a mere name.

Edison deserves to be honored as a genius who “illuminated the pathway of progress by his inventions;” as a man who put noble gifts to noble uses; as a man whose whole long life of eighty-four years

was a sermon on industry and service to his fellow-men. A truly historic figure has dropped away from his work; another true American has passed on the torch of glory to others who should strive to make themselves his worthy successors by working with the zeal and in the spirit of him who has gone before them.

L. J. E.

Thanksgiving Day is approaching. Will there be much, or will there be only a little gratitude in evidence for graces and benefits received? There have been not a few caustic and satirical invectives leveled at this day so aptly inaugurated by the Pilgrim Fathers. Of course, there are many people somewhat under the weather because of hard times. The gloom of depression is quite liable to lessen their love for this traditional holiday.

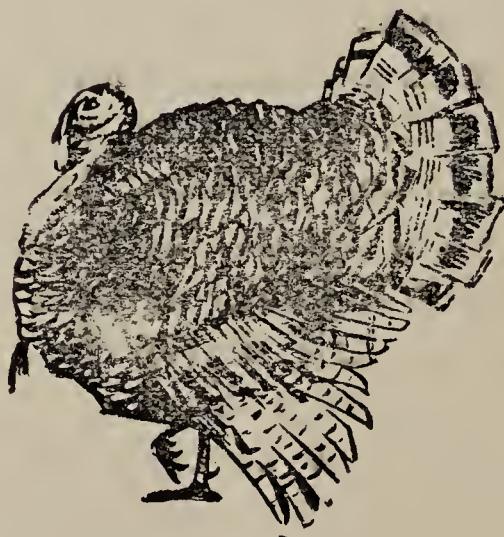
It might be wise, then in passing, to recall the unpretentious auspices under which the first Thanksgiving Day was celebrated. It was staunch old Puritan, Governor Bradford, who first decreed a day of Thanksgiving and rejoicing after the scanty harvest of the summer of 1621. He, together with the other Pilgrim Fathers, celebrated the day in order to show their faith in Divine Providence. They hardly had enough to eat; their lives were in continuous danger from marauding Indians; they were in the midst of a trackless forest; they were without a government; without a kindly mother country; they had been persecuted and driven from their homesteads. In spite of every kind of adversity, they gave thanks for the few favors they had received, for the favors they trusted and hoped to receive, and for the favors which they eventually did receive.

Is not this splendid example of staunch and

sturdy fortitude well worthy of emulation? True, depression bears down upon us, but we have our government and our many public institutions; we have many conveniences; we have our lives and property safeguarded.

There is but one remedy for this sorry state of affairs, namely, the returning to the Faith of our Fathers. We labor under the delusion that what we have is plainly due to us. We have reasons to change our way of thinking. Thanksgiving Day gives us an opportunity to change it. If we return to the confidence that Governor Bradford had, if we become educated to the fact that we subsist by the good will and the help of the Almighty, and not of and by ourselves, we shall find ample reason for celebrating Thanksgiving Day in the same spirit of thankfulness of which the forefathers of our country gave evidence when first they celebrated this day, which now has come to be of national importance.

W. J. C.





Providential? Nevertheless the Canisius Monthly from Canisius College, Buffalo, New York is an actual embodiment and exemplary "suggestion which will aid in making the Collegian a more attractive production and a concrete example of what a true college journal should, and can be."

Beginning with its up-to-date but conservative cover, the Canisius Monthly runs the gamut of literary types, in as far as such a thing is possible in a college magazine. Because of the realistic dialogue, the novel mode of pursuing the subject in hand, and the marked contrast between the two hearts, J. A. Hammett has produced a very pleasing and emotional work in "Zwie Herzen." In dealing with subjects of the present moment, the authors of both, "The Rock of Peter," and "The Pillar of Truth," display not only real insight into the problems of today but also sensible ideas concerning their amelioration.

By means of the naturalness with which the various characters speak, Paul Harris in his playlet, "And Who Shall Know Thy Thought?" displays great literary ingenuity and a searching knowledge of certain types of men. By mixing, in just the correct ratio, dramatically intense passages, an air of mystery, and an easy, though dignified, literary style the writer of "The Footprint" has developed an interesting narrative.

A deep insight into the facts of education con-

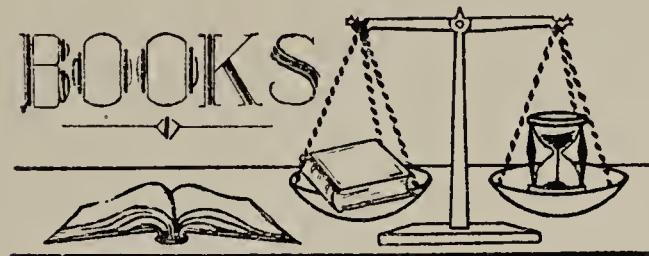
veyed in charming language is the essence of the editorial on extra-curricular activities. From the efficient and highly literary manner in which the exchange editor expressed himself "big things" may be expected from him during the present scholastic year. "Unique, really amusing, smoothly expressed" are the adjectives which may be justly used in describing the "Testube."

The one fault, if it may be termed such, of the Canisius Monthly is the absence of some real worthwhile sonnets which, though difficult to construct, give that finished touch to, and enhance the pages of any college journal. The poetic ability which shows forth in the various verses and poems gives ample justification for expecting sonnets of the finest type in the ensuing issues.

Because of its neat appearance, the spirit pervading its pages, and the excellent literary work evidenced throughout, the Canisius Monthly is indeed far above the average school publication. To use the thought of a fellow exchange editor "A good exchange is never a robbery," but is, if I may complete the sentiment, an educationally advantageous experience.

We gratefully acknowledge the reception of the following magazines: St. Vincent College Journal, Trinity College Record, The Rattler, The Calumet Cosmos, The Olivia, The Torch, The Collegian, Brown and White, St. John's Record, High School News, and The Centric.

Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.—Emerson.



The Romance of the Crusades

THE FLAME OF ISLAM, by Harold Lamb.

When the scholarly writer of historical romances undertakes the craft of the biographer and historian, one can reasonably expect the great men of the past to resurrect in their own former living flesh and blood, and history's critical periods and decisive events to assume a fuller meaning and a deeper significance. Harold Lamb, historical novelist and biographer, had for eleven years planned his two-volumed history of the Crusades. It was inevitable that he should write it. One could perceive behind the spirit and sequence of his "Ghengis Kahn" and "Tamerlane" that the Crusades held an irresistible charm for him. In Palestine, the battlefield of the indomitable Crusaders, and in the dusty libraries of Rome, he armed himself for the writing of "Iron Men and Saints" and "The Flame of Islam." The results of years of study are scholarly pageants of conflict and splendor in the vivid, pictorial fashion of a sparkling narrator. He has retained the ornament, the warmth, the vigor of historical fiction without claiming its license when dealing with historical facts. History from his pen is palatable.

Mr. Lamb's glorious picture is woven like an ancient Norman tapestry. Only a few defectively interlaced threads mar the beauty of its texture. England's daring young king, Richard Coeur de Lion, whose many-sided character has been so badly interpreted by historians, is misunderstood even by

Mr. Lamb. In one instance, he seems to accuse Richard for not attacking Saladin, who was concealed in the shadows of the mountains. Such a move on the Lion-Hearted's part would have been foolish, if not fatal. The truth is Richard won every battle he fought and entered every city he besieged, yet left the Holy Land defeated because of unloyal friends. The learned, gentlemanly Moslem leader, Saladin, is more splendidly drawn. Mr. Lamb realizes the motives which actuated the Asiatics better than he does those of the Catholic Richard and St. Louis, or more especially, those of the Popes. Bajbars, the Panther, the one-eyed Mameluke sultan of Cairo, whose mad exploits are commemorated in the "Arabian Nights," is a personage of high adventure. Barbarossa and Frederick II play their role. There is not a more impressive passage in the entire book than the one describing Frederick's violation of the Holy Tomb at Jerusalem. Battle scenes, the besieging of castles and cities, swift marches and fatiguing marches, again become bloody struggles and mighty hardships in the mind of the creative reader.

"The Flame of Islam" is a mosaic of color: the period of the Crusades was the most glamorous epoch of all history. Inspired multitudes invaded the dominions of Islam, not for commercial supremacy, not for the realization of the ambitions of some dreaming king, but for a Piece of Wood, for a Holy Stone. These mass movements constituted the most unselfish military enterprise in the history of the world. And these invasions, so very difficult for moderns to comprehend, molded, through the holy fervor and unsparing sacrifices of the Crusaders, the beginnings of the modern world.

Hilarious Hilaire Converses

A CONVERSATION WITH AN ANGEL AND OTHER ESSAYS, by Hilaire Belloc.

There is what one might call a genially professional atmosphere about Mr. Belloc's recent volume of essays that captivates the mind of the reader. All of them are playful, intelligent, diverting, and sly morsels of personal opinions and vicarious experiences "that beguile bewitchingly one's time and mellow one's appreciation of this interesting world." Belloc's fertile wit, cunning irony, and keen logic make these social essays as inviting as the best Bourbon wine.

In the first essay, "A Conversation With an Angel," he finds himself wildly philosophizing and heatedly debating with an Angel, who is the custodian of the sundial at the Cathedral in Chartres. They cannot agree on an appropriate motto for the sundial and end (in the way of all arguments) without a decision. Great learning is implied, rather than displayed, in the essays on "The Tears of the Great," "If," and "On Translation." His hilarity and pleasantry are conveyed in "On Getting Rid of People," "On Academic Hate," "On Advertisement," and "On Pavement Artists."

Like in all true familiar essays, the order of these essays is very unexact. They deal with a central idea, and then go off on tangents: they travel for a while on by-paths and detours, look upon whatever suggestions the topic invites as digressions, and are full of references to fiction, art, philosophy, history, and literature. Style—that most personal charm of writing—is of their essence. Puns, anecdotes, unique characterizations, epigrams, brilliant word jugglery, and amusing figures of speech—all belong to them. As to subject matter, they are concerned with com-

monplace themes; they are as fastidious as a collector of books, as broad and open-minded as a garbage gatherer. Mr. Belloc has mastered the cardinal essentials for writing familiar essays. And it is for us, who vainly muster our wits in a feeble attempt to compose familiar essays that actually familiarize, to peruse "A Conversation With an Angel" and to let a master direct us.

This type of essay is a delicatessen for the nobles, the aristocrats of reading, who have the relish of the connoisseur for dainty flavor, for fragrance, for *arōma*: that spirit which pervades our best essays and causes them to excel the posturings of dramatists and novelists, and the musings of poets. (Let me continue a little longer with this digression.) An exhibition of knowledge and technique is all very fine; but a quiet chat at the glowing hearth with a friend who can listen as well as talk intelligently, who can even sit for hours in silence with us—that is delightful. When a writer chats familiarly with us about the idiosyncrasies and little things of life; when he chats thus, not to show off, not to argue, not (much less) to preach, but to laugh with us, to share pleasantly his thoughts, sentiments, temperament, and experiences—when he does all this, he has the most delicious, the purest, and the most delightful of all types of literature—the familiar essay.

Savior of the World, Save Russia!

SILVER TRUMPETS CALLING, by Lucille Borden.

Princess Johanna de Kasatkin was, on the eve of the War, about to plight her troth to Prince Nikolai Vladimir, when that bloody debacle and the Russian one of 1917 called them individually to the

aid of their country. The story develops around the efforts of Johanna and Nikolai, and their two friends, Deidre Leith and Julia Hope, all of whom have voluntarily abandoned the luxurious society of the upper Four Hundred to lend their full physical and spiritual strength in saving the maltreated Russian children from the Satanic bonds of their country's tyrannous government. Prince Nikolai and Boris, brother of the Princess, play a dual role of servants for Sovietism and Christ. They are engaged to pilot airplanes for the Bolsheviks; and seize the opportunity to spread Catholic literature among the enslaved Russian people, and to smuggle priests across the border to the eastward, and oppressed children to the westward. At times the scene shifts to Rome and Paris where the Princess, Deidre, and Julia are exhausting themselves in work for Russian refugees. Many semi-plots and details result. Through the story runs the sweet love which the Prince and Princess bear for each other. While in the distant background the silver trumpets of the Church call Christianity to prayer: "Savior of the World, Save Russia!"

To picture the terrible religious persecution in Russia, with the sufferings and heroisms of its victims, is a great task, Mrs. Borden is not as felicitous in the execution of her plot as the author of "Gentleman Riches" might have been expected to be. She is satisfied too quickly and presses the propaganda side altogether too strongly. The hero and heroine are over-idealized and their reactions so fantastic that the reader is tempted to dismiss the novel as a mere figment of the author's imagination. Her purpose is accomplished in so far as she moves the reader to prayer, but an account of the Russian persecution deserves more than that—it should sup-

ply inspiration for a classic, or (if the artist likes), for an epic.

The Faeries of Ireland

THE DOOM OF CONAIRE MOR, by W. E. Walsh.

The Irish Renaissance, now firmly established, began around 1880 with the publication of Stanish O'Grady's "History of Ireland"—a fiery retelling of Ireland's heroic legends and history. Since then the Celtic air has been stirred by a pure, new note which has taken form in the beautiful, distinctive quality of the Anglo-Saxon poetic idiom. Ireland once more has a literature. Yeats, "A. E.," Stephens, Lady Gregory, Synge, Colum, W. E. Walsh, are but a few of the stars illuminating the Irish literary sky. These authors are making their island's ancient mythology—so pure, so romantic in imaginative appeal—known to the outside world.

Nothing in Irish poetry or legendary history is so imperfectly appreciated by readers abroad as the faery element. "The Doom of Conaire Mor" does more to make this element (and Irish folk-lore and sagas) perfectly understandable than Darrel Figgis, with his wide knowledge of the great romantic and intellectual treasures of ancient Celtic literature, ever did in "The Return of the Hero." Walsh does not merely revive a few mythical characters: he has helped his com-patriots to restore a lost world, a completely vanished social order. His heroes, of course, are powerful and accomplished. Myths telling of their great personal beauty, powers, and achievements, of their loves, hatreds, and quarrels, make up this book. Over his chief hero, Conaire Mor

(Conary the Great), shines the great light of god-like nobility; while his heroine is the typical Irish heroine whom one meets in the novels of Donn Byrne or Hugh de Blacam. To the admirers of Celtic mythology "The Doom of Conaire Mor" will be a heaven-sent gift; to any other readers it will be just another book.

MY FRIENDS

A little sparrow sat upon my window sill
And chirped his tune in simple glee,
When lo! a song in sweeter key
Broke on the air from o'er the lea;
A song that made my soul with rapture thrill.

It was a lark who sang that song on yonder hill
To shame the blackcap chickadee
And show in exultation free
That he could drive away from me
Titmouse and sparrow singing e'er so shrill.

But oh, my sparrow and my little chickadee!
Though other birds have plumage bright;
There are none such with hearts so light
That they will brave the winter's might
And stay through frost and snow to solace me.

Hence, not for song of lark would I give one of ye:
My sparrow and my chickadee!
In winter's gloom you stay with me,
When lark before the cold doth flee,
As friends to keep me from dull sadness free.

Timothy M. Downey '32



As the autumnal sun grew colder, and the leaves of the forests took on a deeper shade, the first issue of the Collegian for 1931-'32 said "Hello" to the St. Joseph's Alumni. Immediately letters reached the Collegian office expressing great satisfaction with the appearance and contents of the issue that marked the middle of October. Statements made in many of these letters are in the nature of hearty boosts and should prove a real incentive for those members of the Alumni Association, who have as yet not subscribed, to put their names on the subscription roster at a very early date.

It seems that almost every student who has passed through the portals of St. Joseph's takes along with him a special pet—hobby—which soon becomes characteristic of him as an individual. Although there may be exceptions to this general happening, yet it is mostly true. Here, for instance, is a proof of this statement. Joseph Shaw, who is attending the Sacred Heart Seminary at Detroit, has been recognized as a man of influential abilities and likewise has been promoted to the office of Prefect over a number of students. Yet more to his credit and liking, he has become a "Knute Rockne II," for at this institution he is coaching a football team—a privilege that he enjoyed immensely at Collegeville. Well, Joseph, may this new position add another milestone to your success.

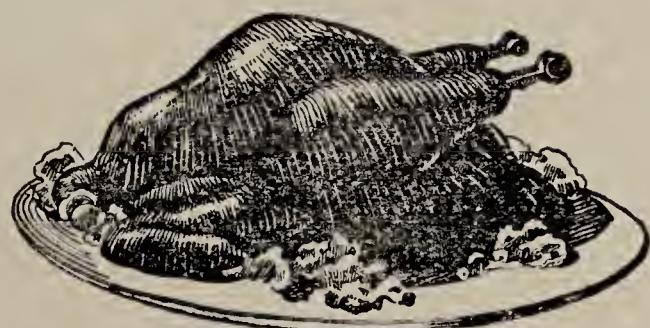
Just off the air! What a thrill it must be to sing into a microphone and know at the same time that your melodious voice, or otherwise, is carried

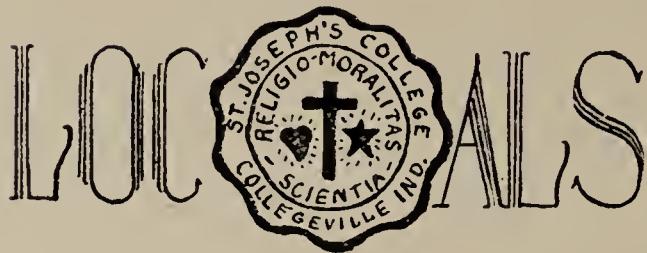
through the air to every radio-fan, and is thus placing you, at least in his mind, in the very hall of fame. This feat is now being accomplished by Richard Smith, who attended St. Joseph's from '26 to '30. He is attracting the world at large by the rendition of popular songs. Just tune in and spend a pleasant evening while listening to a popular Alumnus.

After pursuing his studies at St. Gregory Seminary several years, James Stapleton of the class of '29 recently joined the Holy Cross Order at Notre Dame. Robert Koch, a graduate of St. Joseph's College in '28, has taken up his studies with the Precious Blood Community. Previous to this change he attended the Seminary of Our Lady of the Lake at Cleveland.

So far no news of the whereabouts of Charles "Chucky" Baron has been received. All that is known is the fact that he did not return to St. Gregory Seminary. Chucky, how about some enlightenment on this subject?

Here is a reminder, Alumni, lest you forget. Give us a chance to do our best and to show what we really can do. News from any Alumnus is heartily welcome. We thank all those Alumni who have favored us by subscribing to the Collegian. They have given us very necessary material help--help that is clearly a matter of good will towards their Alma Mater.





HEAR YE ! !

At a recent meeting presided over by the Rev. Rector, the Grads-to-be of '32, were organized. The enviable distinction of heading the class of '32, was given to a lad who reminds one of Demosthenes. Centuries ago, as everybody knows, Demosthenes was fired with the zeal to become an orator, but, unfortunately, was afflicted with an embarrassing vocal impediment. By persistent effort and firm determination, he gradually overcame this difficulty and more than realized his ambition. Demosthenes' outstanding quality was determination. So it is with the new class president. During his first four years, he was just one of the ordinary run of students without showing any particular success. But he continued to work hard. Last year he suddenly "found himself," and became one of the leading speakers of the class. It was determination that won for William "Bill" Coleman the president's chair for '32. "Bill" is a splendid example of what proper High School and College training can do for a person, if he disregards discouragement and does not waste time. Incidentally, the new president is also assistant editor of the "Collegian" and critic of the C. L. S.

William Jennings Bryan, in a certain respect, is the forerunner of the newly elected secretary, Herman "Deacon" Schnurr. Bryan, that grand old man of American politics, was ever successful in securing the nomination to the presidency, but could never win the election. Although "Deacon" is no politician, he has been nominated to more offices—

and was more often defeated, than any other individual at St. Joe's. Luckily, his worth was appreciated before it was too late. The class of '32 is glad to place its standards in the hands of these two excellent leaders.

At a subsequent meeting, the Seniors decided on the following: motto, "Dixi, Nunc Coepi." (out of reverence to the memory of Fr. Clement Schuette, C. PP. S.); colors, purple and gold; a class pin to replace the traditional senior cap. On November 4th, the photographers of the Dunes Art Studio "shot" the Seniors, in cap and gown, under desirable circumstances.

COLUMBUS ARRIVES

The report "Columbus arrives" was flashed over the ocean on October 12, 1492, by the American Indians to King Ferdinand and family, when Columbus threw anchor overboard and landed in America. The reception committee was on the shore to give him "a big hand" while the Navy Band played "America," Such at least is the story told by a jolly Irishman whose name is not known, but whose good cheer in story telling is remembered.

With the same good cheer then on Oct. 11, 1931, all the students at St. Joe's were anxiously awaiting the arrival of Columbus Day. In the afternoon, all the eager expectants forgot their enthusiasm for the coming free day, when the long sought for classic between the Fourth and Fifth Year was played on the gridiron and ended to the satisfaction of every Fifth Year supporter. To lessen the suspense the C. L. S. on the eve of Columbus Day presented a program which included a four act drama entitled "Christopher Columbus."

While some eighty new members were being in-

itiated into the Raleigh Smoking Club, the younger students decided to take in the cool brisk morning air which was too agreeable to allow anyone to remain indoors. The Class of '36, in particular, took this opportunity to have a social get-together in the form of a "wienie-roast."

Immediately after dinnér, the students, as usual paraded to the town of Rensselaer. The customary recipe for town day was followed out minutely. When evening arrived, weary feet plodded back to Collegeville, to resume "unfinished business."

CLASSES ORGANIZED

After all the local societies had their officers elected, the various classes began to organize for the coming year. The Fifth Year placed their gavel in the hands of Aloys Selhorst, who is to be assisted by James Pike as vice-president, Norbert Missler, secretary, and Victor Boarman, custodian of the treasury. The Fourth Year chose as their first man, Dominic Pallone, whom, in case of accident, Tyre Forsee is to succeed. The offices of secretary and treasurer, being combined into one, were given to Joseph Allgeier. The Third Year bestowed the honor of the presidency on Edward McCarthy; Edward Hession is to help in the supervision of the class as vice-president. Although Edward Maziarz had a broken arm at the time of election, this did not hinder the class of '35 from electing him secretary. Bernard Griesbaum, due to his taking ways, was elected to the all-important position of treasurer. Whether his steady precision on the tennis courts had much to do with Donald Muldoon's election to the presidency is not known. However, the Second Year placed all their confidence in his powers of leadership. As vice-president, the class elected Al-

bert Van Nevel. The duty as official scribe for the year was imposed on Albert Ottenweller. Henry Gzybowski will attend to all pecuniary matters for the class. The Class of '37, the Freshmen, thought it would be a novelty to hold their class elections not in a classroom, as is the usual way, but instead to have the meeting out in the open. With this decision in mind, they went out for a walk. With the aid of the invigorating air, Wallace Brining was elected president and Thomas Seifert, secretary. Thus prospects for the coming year appear bright. If the capabilities of the various men chosen may be considered, the scholastic year of '31-'32 promises to be thoroughly successful.

NEW STUDENT

Joseph Gedden, who for some time was employed at St. Joseph's College, has now taken up studies at the new Juniorate of the Precious Blood Society at Brunnerdale, Ohio. Though he came from abroad several years ago, he has shown exceptional ability in mastering the English language. As a pianist, he is a lover of classical music. If Mr. Gedden's past is to be taken into consideration, we may well be assured that his future has great things in store. The best of all luck to you, Joe.

FRIED ONIONS

Brother David sounded the alarm the other evening: "Jam kitchen on fire." Within earshot, were Coleman and Schuerman. The former rushed for a fire extinguisher, while the latter brought the moral support. After the smoke had cleared away, it was discovered that six crates of onions were badly scorched.

GAZING BALL

By means of the new gazing ball, a decidedly clear and beautiful reflection of the surrounding lawns and buildings can be had. Although this new ball does not reveal the future, one can, nevertheless, take a snapshot of his own reflected image. This fine addition to the lawns is the gift of Mr. James W. Menefee and Mr. William J. Conroy, both of Ft. Wayne, Indiana.

DID YOU KNOW —

That St. Joe's has 1170 acres of land;

That 7450 pounds of butter were used in the refectory from Jan. 1, 1930 to Dec. 31, 1930;

That 480 gallons of oil paint were used on the various buildings and barns this summer;

That the first issue of the "Collegian" made its appearance Nov. 1894.

That William Koehl '32 measuring six feet five inches, is the tallest student at St. Joe's;

That Thomas Seifert '37 measuring four feet six inches is the smallest among the students;

That Joseph Klinker '35 tipping the scales at 73 lbs. is the lightest in the local crowd;

That Joseph Lenk '33 tipping the scales at 212 lbs. is the heaviest man on the place;

That if the following eleven men were playing on the same football team, they would weigh more than a ton: J. Lenk, C. Scheidler, J. O'Leary, U. Wurm, W. Conces, F. Novak, V. Riedlinger, G. De Cocker, D. Besanceney, W. Koehl, and V. Mallifske.

SEEN IN "THE COLLEGIAN" OF 1895

"Collegeville has now a respectable quota of bicycle riders and the graceful wheelmen are right to the front in the movement. The new pike road

is already in fine condition for the scorchers." What would these riders on old-fashioned tandem wheels say now with the Jackson Highway, all a solid slab of cement, smooth as a hardwood floor, running right before the college doors for hundreds of miles north and south with arteries branching off to the farthest ends of the United States?



First Class: Raymond Huettner, 88 3-5; Thomas Seifert, 88 2-5; Henry Kenney, 85 2-5; Wallace Brining, 83 3-5; Dale Helmar, 80 2-5.

Second Class: Carl Gundlach, 99 1-5; Albert Otteweller, 96 1-5; Lucian Arata, 96; Denis Schmitt, 95 3-5; James O'Connor, 94.

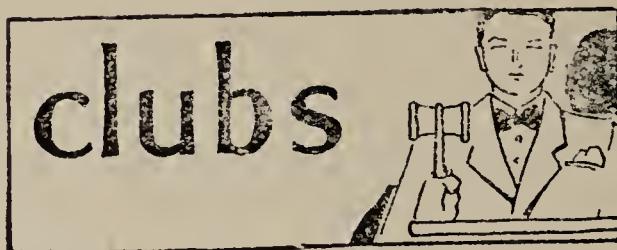
Third Class: Edward Maziarz, 97 2-7; Ambrose Heiman, 96 2-7; Edward Hession, 95; Anthony Suelzer, 95; Joseph Klinker, 94; Gerald La Fontain, 93 2-7.

Fourth Class: William McKune, 95 5-7; Alfred Horrigan, 95 2-7; Joseph Allgeier, 94 1-4; Thomas Buren, 92 3-7; Carl Vandagrift, 90 4-7.

Fifth Class: William Egolf, 96; Michael Vichuras, 94 3-7; Robert Dery, 93 5-7; Charles Robbins, 91 4-7; Norbert Missler, 91.

Sixth Class: Charles Maloney, 96 1-7; Robert Nieset, 95 5-7; Herman Schnurr, 94 6-7; Lawrence Ernst, 94 3-7; Joseph Otte, 94 3-7; Raphael Gross, 93 6-7.

Wm. Egolf '33



THE COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

It was a pleasure to witness the first public appearance of the Columbians, for it excited a real feeling of admiration. In its initial performance, the C. L. S. attained a degree of success that has not been surpassed by similar entertainments in former years. This surprising fact is due to the vigorous, brilliant, and realistic staging of the drama entitled "Christopher Columbus."

This drama gave something entirely new, or almost so, to the local audience, for it was a genuine old-time costume play with all the attraction that gaudy suits of silk and velvet can give. The plot of the play is based on the first voyage that Columbus made in his series of discoveries. The 1492 incident, of course, is pivotal for all other happenings that enter into the structure of this exhibition.

Impersonating Christopher Columbus, John Byrne took the lead in acting, as well as in portraying the "Old Adventurer" in his genius, in his tireless energy, and in his strength and weakness. Talavera may have been an interesting figure as an astronomer and a court adviser in his day, but Frank Novak, in reproducing him, certainly did not detract anything from the reputed fame of that individual. Mr. Novak gave many happy moments to the audience. Clarence Rable as King Ferdinand; Urban Iffert as Duke Quintanilla; Charles Mitchell as Perez, the Franciscan Prior, were forceful and duly emotional in their several impersonations. James Conroy and Leo Lem-

kuhl as Pinzon and Bartholomew respectively gave to their short roles so much vigor that the audience would have been delighted to see more of them. Raphael Gross as the Father Confessor, and Gilbert Wirtz as Brother Galdino comported themselves in a very natural manner, suitable in every respect to the dignity of their individual positions as religious. Timothy Doody as the little son of Columbus showed himself so well at home on the stage that it became evident to the audience that time will make a gifted actor out of this mere lad. Bernard Hartlage acted the part of the page so well that it seemed as if he had been picked up from some middle-aged court just to perform his role to the delight of a modern audience. John Lefko as Ernea and Isidore McCarthy as Rodrigo showed themselves to be sailors in the true sense of the word. The crew, in the persons of I. Vichuras, K. Moore, C. Nardeschia, M. Lange, A. Frankovitch, and R. Zahn, tried its best, and succeeded in doing it, to give a real 15th century flavor to all that was going on during the historical voyage that led to the discovery of America.

But the play as recorded was not the first part of the program given on the eve of Columbus Day. Leonard Storch introduced the newly-elected president, of the C. L. S., Frederick Cardinali, who delivered his inaugural address as a curtain raiser. His speech was well-planned, well spoken, and very instructive. His theme was "Pius XI, the Pope of Peace."

A debate, "Resolved: That the United States Should Maintain an Unemployment Dole During the Period of Depression," was carried on by Charles Maloney as the affirmative, and by Robert Nieset as the negative. Because of the logical arguments

and the convincing eloquence of the debaters, everybody listened to them with pleasure and attention. The triple rebuttal gave the audience a real thrill. The judges gave their decision in favor of the negative.

On the eve of Thanksgiving, November 25th, the C. L. S. will present another major production, entitled "In the Fool's Bauble," for public entertainment.

THE NEWMAN CLUB

In a recent meeting, the installation of officers, all newly-elect, was carried out. Wm. McKune the president, in his inaugural address, stressed the need of that genuine spirit in all activities of the club, which will make its bi-monthly meetings and its programs something worth while. The class of '34 has taken up this cue and is showing much diligence and interest in all the affairs of the club.

DWENGER MISSION UNIT

In order to instill a proper spirit into the minds of all members of this Unit, the "College Hymn" was sung at the meeting of October 17th. Val Volin's orchestra accompanied the singing. But singing was hardly necessary to awaken interest, for Herman Kirschner emphasized the need of serious work in a very stirring manner. Furthermore, Lawrence Ernst, Norman Koller, and Joseph Otte gave their impressions of the C. S. M. C. general convention held at Niagara University from June 29th to July 1st, 1931.

THE RALEIGH CLUB

The period of probation being ended, the Raleigh Club admitted into it's ranks a large and happy group

of full-fledged members on the morning of October 12th. A rather thrilling bridge contest was held in the club on Sunday, November the 1st. Other contests that will give members of this club occasion to show their skill will be held at appointed times.



This year all reports from the music department are bristling with optimism. First of all, the college has reasons to pride itself on a splendid and very promising band. Under the capable and enthusiastic leadership of Professor Paul C. Tonner, two fall concerts were arranged within a short time, yet without lowering to any degree the standards attained in the past school year. True, not all the overtures and marches presented on these two occasions were strange to the audience, but, as Goethe says, "The effect of good music is not caused by its novelty. On the contrary, it strikes us more, the more familiar we are with it." All the renditions received merited applause from the interested listeners who assured the players that their music was an entertaining interlude amid the general duties of school life.

On the eve of October 12, the orchestra, at its initial appearance, broke its long continued silence with "Narcissus," by Nevin, and "Prelude," by Rachmaninoff, together with three other smaller numbers. *Narcissus*, long since a favorite among local audiences, took very well between the acts of the play "Christopher Columbus." Minute attention was given to forte, piano, and other nuances of expression, particularly to the more delicate shadings that always touch

the listeners' emotions and prove to be outright killers of monotony. Then with the thundering and compelling opening of the Prelude, the attention of all was arrested and held throughout until, at the signal of the baton, the last notes died away on the air. Whatever success Narcissus and Prelude met was but the foreshadowing of future promises held out by the college orchestra.

As to vocal music, the college choir, under the guidance of Rev. Henry A. Lucks, has repeatedly given evidence of its capabilities; but on the Feast of Christ the King, it dispelled all possible doubts as to what it can do by singing the beautiful Missa Lucia. The rendition of this Mass marks the highest achievement of the choir since the opening of school.

A. A. L.



PUGS DOWN WILDCATS 18-7

Displaying a smashing offensive and a defensive almost remarkable, up to the last quarter, the Pugs downed the Wildcats 18-7 in a game which was replete with thrills from beginning to end. At the very outset of the game the Pugs drove deep into Wildcat territory and, with but a few minutes left to play in the first quarter, Woodard threw a lateral pass to Berg, who encircled right end for twenty yards and a touchdown. The second quarter found the Pugs again dangerously near the goal line, but a fumble cost them their chance to score.

To start the second half the Pugs let loose a bewildering aerial attack, which culminated with

Minick catching one of Berg's passes over the goal line. The feature play of the game followed a few moments later when Kostka, intercepting a pass from Mores, ran forty-five yards for the Pug's third and final touchdown.

In the fourth quarter the Wildcats made a determined comeback, but their touchdown was, indirectly, the result of a fumbled pass from center. Rather than be tackled for a loss, Mores heaved a beautiful pass to O'Herron, who gathered it in and dashed twenty yards for a touchdown. Immediately before the whistle blew, Mores crashed over for the extra point making the final score, Pugs 18, Wildcats 7.

FIFTHS EKE OUT 8-7 VICTORY OVER FOURTHS

Coming from behind in the last quarter to score a touchdown and a safety, the over-confident Fifths barely managed to nose out the fighting Fourths 8-7. The Fourths brought everyone to his feet in the first quarter when, after two beautiful, lateral-pass end runs by Rusty Scheidler and a swooping end run by Pankie Elder, Gomar De Cocker, the dashing hoplite, plowed around left end for eighteen yards and a touchdown. After which Pankie Elder slipped off tackle for the extra point.

At the start of the second half the Fifths began to show some signs of a comeback. Hammering the line incessantly and aided by poor punting and several disastrous fumbles on the part of the Fourths they slowly pushed their way toward the goal. In the middle of the fourth quarter, Besanceney rushed the ball over for one yard and a touchdown. Fat Lenk, however, in attempting to hurl his bulk over for the extra point, was stopped dead in his tracks and it looked as if the Fourths might triumph after

all. But the Fifths again pushed them back and blocked one of Paul Miller's punts behind the goal for a safety. The game ended as the Fourths unloosed a desperate aerial attack, which might have proved successful had the game continued a few minutes longer.

SIXTHS OVERRUN FOURTHS 19-6

Although a rather rough and tumble affair, in which fate particularly frowned upon them, the Sixths emerged easily victorious, the final score being 19-6. Nardecchia's brains, Mayer's speed, the elusiveness of Vichuras, and the power of Wirtz, together with the superb line play, rendered defeat for the Sixths nearly impossible. The Fourths, despite their listlessness, however, opposed the Seniors at every step. Long and numerous disputation with the referee, in which the rule book was flourished often, detracted much from the interest of the game. Several exceptional plays, however, occurred: after intercepting a forward pass, Jim Conroy took a sixty-five yard stroll for a touchdown, a play which was duplicated and even enlarged upon by Pankie Elder, Fourth year half back, later on in the game. The Sixths' other two touchdowns were rushed over by Wirtz and Vichuras, with Jim Conroy place-kicking one of the extra points.

THIRDS UPSET DOPE BUCKET WITH 6-0 WIN OVER FIFTHS

In one of the biggest football upsets ever witnessed on Radican field, the Thirds vanquished the over-confident Fifths 6-0. The touchdown came in the second quarter on an eleven-yard run by Ralph Steinhauser. His place kick for the extra point was blocked. The Thirds did most of their ground gaining via the forward pass, completing about eight

out of eleven. Added to this was the splendid punting of Red Lammers, a fact which alone kept the Fifths in their own territory most of the time.

The Fifths, even though their pennant hopes were fading, played their usual cool game of straight football, being content to wait for some lucky break which never came. Only in the last few minutes did they show any excitement, when their passing attack proved futile.

**PUGS TOSS BACK FIGHTING IRISH 20-6
IN TITLE FRAY**

With the game gone but three minutes into history, Woodard, Pug half, took an Irish punt on his own forty-five yard line and reeled off fifty-five yards for the Pugs first touchdown, Kostka adding the extra point. But the Irish were not in the least impressed and came back in the next quarter with Gannon, Thornbury, and Jerry Roth doing some fine ball toting to register; Gannon bumping over for the touchdown. The half ended 7-6 for the Pugs.

With Leitner barking a steady stream of signals, in the next half the Pugs growled twice again. Kostka counted on a forty-eight yard sprint around end and Peterworth knifed over on an eleven-yard jaunt through left tackle. A pass, Kostka to Woodard, added the even point and sewed up the game, and also the pennant, for the Pugs. The Pugs' defensive was well taken care of by Heinsen, Bullet Roth, and Novak. The fighting of the Irish was done mainly by Gannon, Thornbury, and Schnipke. Thus ended the 1931 Junior flag race.

OTHER SCORES

Pugs 0 vs. Dodgers 0.

Wildcats 0 vs. Fighting Irish 0.

Dodgers 0 vs. Wildcats 0.



Little Kenney: What are you thinking of?

Brining: Nothing.

Little Kenney: Oh, do take your mind off yourself.

Prof: On your way to get those papers, Doody, you will pass the baseball park.

Doody: Oh!

Prof: Yes, and be sure to pass it.

McAtamney: Three thousand four hundred and twenty-six elephants were needed last year to make billiard balls.

Wheatley: How did they train the beasts to do such delicate work?

Bryne: You made a mistake in that prescription I gave my cousin. Instead of quinine, you used strychnine.

Pete: You don't say! Then you owe me twenty cents more.

Schnurr: Oh, if I only had a fortune, I would never write another verse.

Editor: I wish to heaven I could give you one.

Lenk: Have you read Pop Storch's last poem?

Wirtz: I hope so.

Ernst: It's strange, but when I play the piano I always feel extraordinarily melancholy.

Prof. Tonner: So do I.

Lefko: Why, this room reminds me of a prison.

Hotel Manager: Well, it's all a matter of what one is used to!

Cannibal Prince: Dad, am I late for dinner?

Cannibal King: Yes, Son—everybody's eaten.

"Nigga, I'se gonna mash yo' nose all ova yo' face; I'se goin' to push dose teef down yo' throat, an' black bof yo' eyes—et cetera."

"Black man, yo' don't mean et cetera, yo' mean vahs vehsa."

"I'm looking for my ideal dog," said the nurse to the canine fancier. "I'd like one with a head rather like a collie and a body after the style of an Irish terrier, only with longer hair, and nice distinct marking. Do you keep dogs like that?"

The dog fancier shook his head sadly. "No ma'am," he said, "I drowns 'em."

Lemkuhl: Did you hear the joke about the Hindu who showed some tourists two skulls of Julius Caesar, one as a boy and the other as an emperor?

Connelly: No, do tell me about it.

Schnurr: Now, did you, or did you not, on the date in question, or at any other time, previously or subsequently, say or even intimate to the defendant or anyone else, whether friend or mere acquaintance, or, in fact, a stranger, that the statement imputed to you whether just or unjust, and denied by the plaintiff was a matter of no moment or otherwise? Answer me, yes, or no.

Urschalitz: Yes or no what?

Dwyer: Wurm carries great weight in his community.

Sorg: Politics?

Dwyer: No, ice.

BELIEVE IT OR —WHAT?

By Alodeza Soap

Our Freshmen play marbles with thirty pound concrete knobs.

Such a thing as Hallowe'en still exists.

The trees are beginning to lose their similarity to Freshman heads.

It is possible to remain unconscious for daze at a time.

A new disease has been discovered. It is called Roasting Ears.

One Eyed Connelly says: Our high school boys are plenty tough when they start using concrete knobs for bowling balls.

Steiny: Do you like saxophone music?

McKune: I've never heard any.

Gollner: No sane person can understand this map.

Hartlage: Let me see it.

McCarthy: I didn't see you at church yesterday.

McAtamney: No? I took up the collection.

ENCYCLOPEDIA COLLEGEVILLIA

Muscling in—Joe Lenk getting into an Austin.

Tired Worker: Boss, is yo' got a colored man on yo' book named Simpson?

Boss: Yes, what about it?

Tired Worker: Nothing, only Ah's de man, and Ah just thought yo' might had it Sampson.

Byrne: I'd like to offer you a cigar but—

Allgeier: Don't bother. I never smoke cigar butts.

Vic: And now, I suppose, you are out of danger?

Joe: Well, not yet. The doctor said he will be here one or two more times.

Occulist Clerk: You say you came in for an examination, Madame? Let me fill out this card. Now, what's your age?

Spinster: I've seen just twenty-five summers.

Occulist Clerk: How long have you been blind?

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